

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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ard from subscribers.

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1897.

BUTTE.

Democratic-Silver Republican Fusion Ticket.

For Mayor—PETER S. HARRINGTON.

For City Treasurer—J. H. MCCARTHY.

For Police Magistrate—JOHN J. FERRELL.

For Aldermen—

First Ward: P. J. MARTHUR.

Second Ward: HENRY MUNTZER.

Third Ward: GEORGE PASCOE.

Fourth Ward: WILLIAM PAIGE.

Fifth Ward: JOSEPH R. SILVER.

Sixth Ward: LOU P. BOWMAN.

Seventh Ward: JOHN A. LJUBIRATICH.

Eighth Ward: FRED L. MELCHER.

Ninth Ward: THOMAS ROWAN.

ANACONDA.

For Mayor—D. D. TWOHY.

For Police Magistrate—T. D. FITZGERALD.

For City Treasurer—JOHN M. DELURY.

For Aldermen—

First Ward: JOHN HAMILL.

Second Ward: J. T. O'BRIEN.

Third Ward: J. V. PETRITZ.

Fourth Ward: DR. T. J. MCKENZIE.

Fifth Ward: JAMES JOHNSON.

Sixth Ward: GEORGE S. BARTLETT.

Seventh Ward: GEORGE BARICH.

Eighth Ward: THOMAS MURRAY.

Ninth Ward: DENNIS SHOVLIN.

Tenth Ward: JOHN SCHUTTE.

Eleventh Ward: ED DEVINE.

Twelfth Ward: PAT DALTON.

The Day in Butte.

Election morning opens with con-
ditions warranting the belief that the re-
sults scored Saturday in Butte will find
a repetition to-day in the election of
a city ticket that will restore normal
political conditions. The secret-order
forces have one more whipping coming,
and this is the day set apart for that
work. They were soundly thrashed last
Saturday; they should be completely
knocked out to-day.

The election of Harrington to the of-
fice of mayor means the final account-
ing with the elements that have dis-
turbed Butte's social, political and busi-
ness life in recent years. These are
the elements that have cultivated sen-
timents of rancor, ill-natured strife,
distrust and discord. They managed to
get control of the city government and
of the schools of the district. They
operated a political machine which they
have run to the wrecking of whatever
they touched; they have made the
schools, the police and the contracts for
public work an open scandal.

In a broad sense the mission of to-
day's election is to rid the government
in Butte of an oath-bound, secret-order,
foreign-born band of bigots whose pres-
ence in power has been a blight.
Whipped to-day, these people will have
met their Waterloo. They are a mere
remnant of what they formerly were;
they need, and we believe they will
receive, punishment so effective that it
will retire them for good and all from
public view.

The Weak Point.

To advance from hap-hazard ways
to orderly methods for conducting
school elections in the cities of Mon-
tana, was a wise step—in former years
some of our school elections have been
a farce. It was a vital mistake, how-
ever, to hamper the school-election law
with restrictions which operated as a
bar, in Butte last Saturday, against
hundreds of people who had registered
but who, after standing patiently in
line at the polling places, were not able
to vote.

The fault is with the legislature. The
school-election bill, as originally drawn,
provided for registration but not for
the application of the Australian sys-
tem to the school election. The legis-
lature so amended the measure as to
bring the election under the operation
of the Australian law. Then the author
of the law prescribed that in Silver Bow
county there should be ten polling

places. The number was reduced to
five—the serious intention of some of
the members of the legislature was to
reduce the polling places to three.

It was a physical impossibility to
handle at five polling places the heavy
vote registered in Silver Bow county
for Saturday's election. Manifestly, re-
sults were not affected, except that the
majority for the ticket that won would
have been larger by many hundreds
had the full vote been polled. That,
however, does not change the fact that
the provisions of the law operated as
an injustice by depriving many citizens
of their right to vote.

The friends of the ticket that scored
a handsome majority last Saturday
would cheerfully hold themselves ready
and willing to meet the opposition un-
der conditions that would insure ample
time for the casting of a full vote. It
appears, however, as we understand it,
that to annul the election by any
process would mean "a failure to elect."
The law provides for the appointment
of trustees, in that event, by the county
superintendent of schools. The lack
of sufficient polling places certainly is
not the fault, directly or indirectly, of
those who polled the majority last Sat-
urday.

At Home.

The election to-day in Anaconda in-
volves the choice of a mayor, a police
magistrate, a city treasurer and twelve
aldermen. The canvass in anticipation
of this election has not been of a parti-
san character, except as the advocates
of the Leiser ticket have sought to give
it a political turn by spreading false
reports about the democratic adminis-
tration now in power. These charges
have proved to be a dismal failure. It
has not been sought to sustain them by
any proofs; the opposition has found it
impossible to persuade intelligent men
that Anaconda has been badly gov-
erned.

Mr. Twohy, for the office of mayor,
has made a quiet but an effective cam-
paign. He has not slandered any man
on the ticket set up by his rivals. He
has not been boastful about what he
would do if elected; he has not hung
out any false signals. It is admitted
by those who are opposing him that
Mr. Twohy has excellent qualifications
for the office of mayor and that the
local administration would be safe in
his hands.

On the democratic ticket, Judge Fitz-
gerald is a candidate for reelection to
the office of police magistrate. He has
the substantial endorsement furnished
by a term of excellent service in that
office. His opponent is a novice at the
business, as he is a novice in American
citizenship. The popular belief is that
Judge Fitzgerald will receive to-day a
very handsome majority. For the office
of city treasurer the democratic candi-
date, Mr. Delury, is without opposition.

To-day the wards ought to be care-
fully looked after. To be in good form,
the democratic mayor ought to be sup-
ported by a democratic council. Good
men have been named in the six wards
for aldermanic service; the democratic
candidates are entitled to hearty sup-
port.

How Long?

The gold democrats in Chicago find
that the habit of wandering from the
fold is easily acquired. These democ-
rats are a minority in Chicago. Many
of them ramble into the McKinley
camp last year.

This spring these men are in a quan-
dary. They do not want to be voting
the republican ticket at every election
that comes; they will not vote for Har-
rison, a silverite and the regular dem-
ocratic candidate for mayor; they have
a rump ticket of their own with Hesing
at its head; they profess to abhor the
machine republican ticket; yet they
realize that votes for Hesing are in the
direct benefit of Harrison.

Some of these gold democrats have
said that they will support the republi-
can ticket, and they have appealed to
Mr. Hanna to apply the administra-
tion's pressure in the hope that the
combination may result in Harrison's
defeat. It looks as if Harrison were
sure of election; and the question is,
how long these goldbug democrats may
continue to vote the republican ticket
before they will cease to be democrats?

Their Excuses.

The fellows who write the weekly
trade reviews that pass everywhere in
the country as authoritative, have the
inventive faculty well developed. They
can evolve a mountain out of a mouse
if need be; their moon is often green
cheese. The summary published yester-
day morning had evidently hoped to
say that the passage of the Dingley
tariff bill through its first stages had
the effect of a brace on the tone of
business. It transpired that many sta-
ples in the market drooped last week,
while iron and steel hung heavily.
This condition the weekly reviews met
by remarking that, ever since the No-
vember election, it has been every-
where understood that a tariff bill
would pass, and therefore it was not
reasonable to assume that the vote in
the house would have a stimulating
effect.

Most ingenious is the Dun report; it
remarks that the iron and steel indus-
try was "staggered by the decision of
the supreme court" in the pooling case.
That decision has been deemed to be
important in its bearings upon the
earnings of some of the railroads; it
takes one's breath, however, to be told
that the conclusions of the court have
so swiftly reached the blast furnaces
and rolling mills with the threat that
engines and cars will be in less demand
and bridges left unuilt.

Then, too, the floods came and the
winds blew and beat upon the Missis-
sippi valley, so that prosperity couldn't
travel in that region last week—this
fact is exploited in the weekly market
reviews.

Prosperity certainly is very coy about
putting in an appearance; but the
friends of free coinage are not heard in
impatient complaint because of the de-
lay—they expected it, they are prepared

for it. Last year they warned the
advance-agent enthusiasts that good
times wouldn't get here in a hurry.
Therefore it happens that the silverites
are not casting about for excuses like
those which the writers of the market
summaries rack their brains to invent.
The friends of free coinage will wait
until—well, they'll wait, say, until the
congressional elections fall due late
next year.

What Fame Is.

They are not telling it too loud, but
the members of the Montana contingent
at Washington are getting their share
of quiet fun out of an incident which
they soberly declare has the facts be-
hind it.

When Mr. Sherman was first sug-
gested for the premiership, many of his
friends declared that he was not at all
suited to the place. They said that age
was telling on him, that his mental
lapses were often embarrassing, that
on the floor of the senate he would
forget what had been said or done in
committee room, and that what ap-
peared to be a constant shifting of
views on current questions was in fact
a betrayal of a treacherous memory.
The talk that is passing around the
Montana circle at Washington is in
illustration of Mr. Sherman's weak-
ness; but it goes as a very good one
on Senator Mantle.

The story runs this way: Mr. Car-
ter and Mr. Mantle called at the state
department, last Saturday, to intro-
duce a constituent, said to be Mr. Law-
rence, who wants a consulship. Mr.
Carter told Secretary Sherman what a
deserving republican Mr. Lawrence is,
and said that he wanted the secretary
to meet him personally.

Thereupon Mr. Sherman grasped the
hand of Senator Mantle and shook it
very vigorously, expressing his great
pleasure at meeting Mr. Lawrence, and
assuring him that his application
would have careful consideration. Then,
adjusting his eye glasses, the secretary
peered closer at the embarrassed sena-
tor, whose colleague he was for two
years, and said: "Your face is very
familiar, Mr. Lawrence. We must have
met before somewhere." Senator Car-
ter succeeded in straightening out mat-
ters, and he finally introduced Mr. Law-
rence. Apologies were made all around
and the visitors withdrew.

This yarn at Mr. Mantle's expense
is a companion piece for the story told
of the Texas senator who was visited
in Washington by a venerable con-
stituent. The senator concluded that
he would make it his business to pre-
sent his guest to President Cleveland.
Away the two went to the white house.
The affair must be brief, the president
was engaged. The visitors were hastily
ushered. Things moved a little swift
for the venerable Texan—before he
realized it he was shaking hands with
Mr. Cleveland. In the formalities of
the introduction names had not been
distinctly announced, and, as the hand-
shaking process was progressing, the
old gentleman looked up querulously
into the president's face and inquired,
"What's the name, please?"

Ex-Senator Hill is giving his atten-
tion to politics. He wants to "reor-
ganize" democracy in New York. No
state campaign of importance will be
conducted in New York this year; the
only state officer to be elected is a chief
justice for the court of appeals. But
Mr. Hill proposes to be up and at it.
A letter which he is said to have in-
spired has recently been sent out by
a prominent democrat who asks that
differences within the party be settled
and democracy put in line for action.
The trouble is that the element in
democracy which Mr. Hill represents
was in line for action in behalf of the
republican candidate for the presi-
dency last year. It is not reasonable
to expect that the true democracy of
1896 will be in a hurry to throw itself
at the feet of the unworn senator
this year. In time the real democratic
party will receive Mr. Hill, if he ceases
shuffling and declares his loyalty to
party policy. But democracy will not
go to Mr. Hill—especially New York's
democracy.

The main question will now be put in
Butte.

King George appears to have grossly
violated all the rules of modern diplo-
macy by saying what he had on his
mind.

The esteemed New York Journal ap-
pears to have overlooked a bet in not
sending ex-Senator Ingalls to write up
the Butte fight.

However, the A. P. A. administration
finds it more difficult to arrest public
sentiment than reputable citizens on
worthless midnight warrants.

Up to a late hour last night, the office
had not started out to seek either Mr.
Cook or Mr. Barrett.

Greenville, Miss., appears to be ad-
vertising itself as a first-class watering
place.

Pope Caldwell is still one of the pow-
ers behind the throne.

The calls for food from the flooded
district of Arkansas afford charitable
people an opportunity to cast their
bread on the waters.

It is said that the Hon. Fred White-
side finds it just about as difficult to
confirm his report as the Hon. Henry
Neill his appointment.

At the same time, many people of
Helena, Mont., find it harder to keep
their heads above water than the peo-
ple of Helena, Ark.

Arresting citizens at midnight is no
departure from the A. P. A.'s usual
methods of fighting in the dark.

When he takes to the woods this eve-
ning, Mr. Cook should furnish the ex-
cuse that he was interested in the lum-
ber business.

It is only fair to the Mississippi suf-
ferers to say they would come in out of
the wet if they could.

Governor Smith regrets that he can-
not be present at the dedication of the

Grant monument. Possibly the gov-
ernor is too busy preserving the green-
ness of the populist grave to attend
exercises over any other corpse.

With nothing to do but wait for the
senate, the members of the house who
are not engaged in the chess match
with the British house of commons will
probably play hooky.

Speaking of water, the Butte sufferers
extend sympathy to the Mississippi
sufferers, but as between quality and
quantity the Butte sufferers think they
have the worst of it.

Notwithstanding all that has been
said about him, Mr. C. Q. Johnson is
going right ahead—in an opposite direc-
tion from the city of Butte.

FUN IN RHYMES.

Before he was wed
He said
He wanted a wife whose head
Contained the 'ologies
Taught in the colleges;
But he married the cook instead.
—Philadelphia Call.

I wish that I could make myself believe
That all I see—
The sun, the moon, the universe, were
hung in space for me;
I would that I could think the world must
suffer quick decay
When nature claims her own, and I, at
last, am called away.
Some men there are who seem to think
God sorrows when they frown,
That every time they chance to wink
The angels jot it down,
And in their great conceit they strut as
lords beneath the sun,
Who wouldn't be a fool if he could be a
happy one?
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Herald.

Strong-minded women now abound,
But where is she whose mental weight,
Disdains the question, so profound,
"Dear, is my bonnet really straight?"
—Detroit Free Press.

The world will call the Cretans great
Unless at last their courage peters;
In that case Turkey'll shout, elate,
"We have you on the hip, poor Creters!"
—Nashville American.

She's president of seven clubs,
Her name in print you often see;
Of all new women in the land
There's not a one more new than she.

She lectures, writes, and is, in fact,
A sturdy leader of her kind;
She wears a vest, suspenders, and
Is noted for her breadth of mind.

Yet, when she goes to bed at night,
She kneels best it—not in prayer,
But just to look beneath to see
If any horrid man is there.
—Cleveland Leader.

Ho, gondolier! approach, I say!
What thought your boat looks ratty?
This is no Venice—indeed—
It's flooded Cincinnati!
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

King of Athens, ere you fight,
Listen to a lowly wight.

Get those pictures that the new
Journalism labels you;
Scatter broadcast every freak
Likeness, and within a week
Frightened Turks, with manner meek,
Will salute you, gracious Greek!

King of Athens, ere you scrap
Take the tip that's here on tap.
—Baltimore News.

Consistent.

From the New York Journal.
Jones—"Is Rich a very consistent
man?"

Brown—"Consistent! Well, I should
say so. You know he rose from very
humble surroundings and to-day he
won't eat bread unless it's made from
self-raising flour."

Hood's is the Finest

Spring Medicine—Tonic, Ap-
petizer, Strength Builder

It Makes You Eat, Sleep, Work
and Happy.

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is
the finest Spring and family medicine.
I had been bothered with headache
while at my work, many a time having
to go home, and loss of sleep, tired all
the time, and getting up in the morn-
ing weak. I decided to take Hood's
Sarsaparilla and felt better after three
doses. I kept on taking it, and now I
can go into the quarry and do a day's
work and come home feeling well and
always hungry. We have also been
giving Hood's Sarsaparilla to our
youngest child, who was weak, lan-
guid and losing flesh. We could soon
see a marked change. He ate better,
slept well, and in a little while was
like a new boy. He has continued to
improve, and today is lively as a
cricket, and the neighbors say he can
talk more than any man around the
place." THOMAS WHITE, Park Quar-
ries, Freedom, Pa.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Pur-
ifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for 3.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take
with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

Morgan's Place

340 East Park Street, Butte.

We have made the greatest success ever
achieved by any house in Montana by
selling the best goods for spot cash and
selling them cheaper than any credit store
could buy them, for we get bargains that
credit stores never see.
Best Bread Flour, per sack.....\$1.25
3 Packages Coffee..... 50
Best Creamery Butter, per pound..... 25
10-lb. Fat Lard..... 25
Lemons, per dozen..... 25
1 Gallon Syrup..... 45
1 Gallon Pure Maple Syrup..... 1.25
3 lbs Mocha and Java Coffee..... 1.00
1 lb Good Tea..... 25
12 Dozen Clothespins..... 25
1 lb White Beans..... 25
10 Bars of Good Soap..... 25
9 Bars of Eastern Soap..... 25
Mail orders will receive prompt atten-
tion.

M. J. CONNELL CO.

GRAND

Spring Openings

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

April 6 and 7

A Surprisingly Beautiful Exhibition—A Swell and
Dazzling Display of

Merchandise Splendor

The Personal Selections of
Our Own Buyers in

PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK



A Peerless Array
of Strikingly Attractive
Bargains.....

IN THIS SEASON'S

NEWEST AND RICHEST MERCHANDISE

Especially arranged for this occasion, will make
these Opening Days doubly interesting.

Yourself and Friends

Are Cordially Invited to Visit the Big Store
Tuesday and Wednesday.

CHEAP LIVING.

How a Man Who is Hard Up Manages to
Get Along in the World.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Last year I found myself very nearly
penniless, not by any fault of my own,
in the center of a large city, where I
had few friends. I was not able any
longer to pay even \$3 a week to a
boarding house. Perhaps a short chroni-
cle of poverty may interest some read-
ers.

My lodging and fuel cost me nothing,
for I slept in my office. The fire was
the property of heat—natural gas in an
open grate. If not as bright as hickory
wood, it was a steadier flame, more re-
liable than steam or hot water pipes,
and cleaner than coal.

Eat I must, in spite of the lack of
money; and I resolved to try boarding
myself. I was much pleased with the
experiment. I was no longer the slave
of the hotelkeeper. I could have what
I pleased and when I pleased. Liberty
flavored every dish. And there was a
variety in the diet which added another
zest to the food. It was not the same
old fare of day after day, week after
week, month after month, growing so
wearisome after awhile that the very
sight of it drove away appetite.

One meal I could have oatmeal, an-
other sausage, another something else,
and still something else. And, as each
article was cooked by itself, it retained
its own individual flavor. I am not an
admirer of the French cooking, which
tries to make pork taste like beef and
mutton like chicken, to make potatoes
out of turnips and lettuce from cab-
bage. An honest appetite fancies the
honest taste of honest food. These two
disadvantages are possessed by the one
who boards himself. Each article
keeps its own flavor, and an endless
variety is possible which cannot be had
where the tastes of a larger company
have to be consulted. No two meals
need be alike, and no two dishes need
taste alike.

On my grate I could boil, fry and
toast, but could not bake. The cooking
vessels, skillet, boilers and toasting
fork, came from the dime stores and
the tin stall in the market house, and
cost, first and last, about a dollar. The
dishes, two sets, cups, saucers, plates,
knives, forks and spoons (for I wished
to be able to entertain a friend), cost
another dollar.

The friend was another newspaper
man more impecunious than myself. He
did not eat with me regularly, but very
frequently shared my dinner and sup-
per. I guess that before he became my
guest he lived for a week on turnips
which a benevolent farmer gave him
on Saturday night rather than haul
them back home, but I do not know, for
I never asked him. The food for my-
self and my guest cost about \$1 a week.
The meat cost about 25 cents. We
had beef liver, sausage, steak, pork
chops, rabbit. When we tired of one
we ate another till we got tired of that.

The vegetables, potatoes, rice, beans,
oatmeal and cornmeal cost another
quarter. The proper way to eat por-
ridge is not to take a dish of it every
morning before breakfast, but to eat
it at proper intervals as a main dish.
Cornmeal mush was on sale at one of
the markets, and when friend and
served hot it is a relishing dish. I did
not learn to make cornbread, for my
skill and experience in cooking were
very small.

Coffee and sugar cost 15 cents a week.
My means did not permit milk, and
butter was also outside the limits of
my purse.
Bread cost 5 cents a week. I bought
it, two loaves for a nickel, kept it till it
was stale and then toasted it. This is
the only way to eat the ordinary
baker's bread—at least for one who has
been accustomed to eat good domestic

bread. We had so many warm and
appetizing dishes that two loaves
would last a week.

A nickel a day for